

Prayer

The Blood Divine

The nails are dug in hard
Like the walls around my headFor the fear in my reflection
A wry grin I bear
PrayerSee the man of solitude
With weary eyes, with head in handsTo the fear in his reflection
A wry grin he bears
And to the fear in his religion
A wry grin he bears
While he speaks prayers

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>